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A MISTAKE.

It costs nothing to be ordinarily polite, even under adverse circumstances, and it generally pays. A passenger in a sleeping car, who was tired and sleepy and wanted to go to bed, called to a man who had just entered the coach and was hurrying through it:

"Say, isn't it about time to have these berths made up?"

"What do you take me for?" angrily replied the other, stopping and coming back. "Do I look like a sleeping-car conductor?"

"No," rejoined the tired passenger, looking up at him, wearily. "You do not. I beg your pardon. My observation is that a sleeping-car conductor is always a gentleman."

HEIRS TO A BIG ESTATE.

The heirs of James McCaffrey the Chicago millionaire, and an old ex-boatman on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, are expecting to receive their share of the estate shortly. Mrs. Margaret Shipley, a daughter of McCaffrey and a widow, who lives in the country near Williamsport, Md., on a small farm of her own, is one of the heirs. Attorney Beale, of Washington, who has had charge of the settlement of the estate so far as the local heirs are concerned, visited Mrs. Shipley at her home the other day and informed her that the division of the McCaffrey wealth will be made during this and April 1. Mrs. Shipley's share will amount to about \$60,000. McCaffrey at one time lived at Hancock, one of his daughters was raised by Mrs. James Coudy, and he married there Miss Nancy Gance, a respected maiden lady, but soon deserted her after getting all her money.

The call for experienced plainmen and irregular fighters, who are able to meet the Boers on their own ground and with their own tactics, has gone out through England and her colonies, and is being responded to with some alacrity, but in rather discouragingly small numbers, considering the amount of work there is for this kind of troops, while the fact that they are only being raised now, and cannot be put into the field for months to come, argues badly for a quick ending of the war.

KNOBSTOWN.

(This was intended for last week's paper but came in a day too late.—Ed.)

Mr. and Mrs. Truax, of Pleasant Ridge, were visiting their cousin, Miss Julia Mellett.

The U. B. Revival is still in progress. There have been twelve converted, three are yet seeking, and nine have joined the church. Brothers Roberts and Kelso have been untiring in the good work. There has been good attendance, and good conduct.

John Tice has his sawmill in operation on John Fore's land.

Mrs. William Polk has been very sick but is improving.

Misses Mary and Maggie Hamill and Mamie Fore spent Tuesday with Enoch Kerlin's family.

Miss Etta Wagner and Elmer Glunt spent Sunday with Grant Baker's family.

Miss Carrie Hamill is visiting George Fox's family.

Mrs. Laura Radler and daughter, of Elmira, N. Y., is visiting her father, William Greer, Sr.

Effie Parson is living with Thomas Patterson, of McConnellsburg.

Mrs. Amos Clouser and Mrs. Amos Sipes spent Wednesday with Mrs. Grant Baker.

STAGE-COACH DAYS.

How the Bedford Stage-Driver Managed the Judge.

FROM THE PEN OF JUDGE HALL.

A Thrilling Adventure of Judge Jeremiah Black With a Bedford Stage-Driver Forty Years Ago.

[The following interesting article is from the pen of the late Judge Wm. M. Hall who presided over the courts of Fulton county during the seventies. It was first published in the Bedford Inquirer about a dozen years ago. Who remembers anything of the stage-coach drivers of McConnellsburg?—Editor.]

"Modern methods of locomotion have worked great changes in many respects. The old concord stage-coach, with its nine passengers inside and two outside, has almost entirely disappeared, and the professional stage-driver of the last generation, who was so marked a character, has disappeared with it. When he was mounted on his box, with the lines drawn taut over his four lively horses, glistening in coats of well brushed hair, with manes and tails flowing free, and the harness black and burnished, and bright rosettes at the horses' ears, with his little hickory-handled whip and its long buckskin lash, he was the king of the occasion. He was conductor, brakeman engineer and fireman, all in one. He could drive fast or slow, as he pleased, and be sulky and crabbed, and profane to passengers as he wished. As he bowed along, from his high seat he could look down on pedestrians and slow moving wagons and pass them by with a crack of contempt. Passengers were wont to propitiate his highness with a cigar or invitation to drink, and endeavored to win his favor by pleasant remarks and a deferential manner. For the time being, he was a man of consequence and importance, and felt it fully.

The forty years which have intervened since railroads have superseded turnpikes have sent nearly all of these old fellows on the long journey from which no traveller returns; but here and there one remains, a tottering old man, living in his recollections of the past. I met one to-day. He walks slowly with a cane but his eye is bright and clear, and his memory good, and as he squirts his tobacco juice half a rod or more with the precision of a marksman proud of his skill he delights to talk of times long gone, and of the fine teams he drew the ribbons on, of the incidents of his early life. The old man I introduce you to is Samuel Bagley, of Bedford, Pa.

Born in 1810, he started as a stage-driver about 1828, and for forty years drove stage in and out of Bedford. Many a member of Congress from the West and many a judge and merchant traveled with him, and was glad of the honor of a place beside him on the driver's box on clear, bright days, when the diversified scenery of mountain and valley made an outside seat so enjoyable. General Cass and Henry Clay rode behind him, and Edwin Forrest, the actor, and "Tariff Andy" Andy Stewart, and Chas. Ogle, and many another man of note.

The old drivers all chewed tobacco and drank whiskey—"not to excess," quoth my friend, "four or five drinks a day, maybe," good, regular, methodical steady drinking, that did no man harm, according to the notions of that time, but aided digestion and made life rosy; to say nothing of noses; and their conversation was rendered pointed and emphatic by oaths well laid in with euphonistic skill at proper intervals, like the casual pauses in blank verse, an oath for every ten or twenty words—just for rhythm.

As he recalls the past, my ancient friend grows eloquent in his praises of the grand old time of stage-coaching and the excellent meals of fried chicken and waffles and hot coffee at the wayside inn, where the arrival of the stage was the great event of the day. He describes with zest the dignified appearance of the ancient landlord and his courteous demeanor as he somewhat pompously received the tired travelers and ushered them, in winter, into his best room, with its huge, crackling, cheerful hickory-wood fire in the open Franklin stove.

He remembers the aroma of the oily old rye whiskey which the landlord was wont to produce for the delectation of his guests to revive their tired bodies and give tone to the appetite. "Why, you could smell the blossom of the rye-field," quoth he; and he recounts the conversational pleasantries and bon mots and sociability which the meals and whiskey engendered, and sighs for the past—the good old days when he was young and vigorous, before the country was ruined by railroads.

"Yes, I was born in 1810, and Judge Black was born the same year. Well, he's dead now—three or four years—and I must soon follow. We must all go. It comes sooner or later to all. The Judge and I were born just thirty miles apart, and in the same year—he, in the glades of Somerset, a farmer boy, and I in a little old log house at the western end of Bedford. Yes, this is the first place I ever came to. I stopped here when I came, just seventy-eight years ago. We both started pretty low down. He got to be a great judge, and I was only a stage driver. But I'd rather be a stage driver than a judge. It suited me better. Well, I'll tell you how my team ran off, and how I came near licking Judge Black. I remember it well. It was the first time I ever met him; but I didn't know him then.

"I was driving a four-horse coach on the Glade Pike—from the White Horse Tavern, on the top of the Allegheny, to Bedford. I had a double route; drove two teams; changed at Metzgar's on Dry Ridge. It was in 1842, when the Judge came to Bedford to hold court for the first time. I had a full load—nine inside. A big man was on the front boot beside me. We had no conversation until the run-away of my team that I'm going to tell you about. As I came along by Samuel Stuckey's place, about nine o'clock at night, a sudden thunder storm came. I never had but two teams to run away—one at night and one in daylight—in the forty years I drove. There was a flash and a crash that seemed to split the sky, and the horses jumped and started, quick as the lightning—all but. It was a mighty good team. I was always ready for them—two grays at the lead and two appalachees at the wheels. The team belonged to Jake Peters. They had hardly jumped till I had a strong pull on them. It was a beautiful starlight night till the storm came up; very dark then; a heavy rain for half an hour. I could only see the road when the lightning flashed. When they started, the man beside me grabbed for the lines. I told him with an oath—I could curse in them days—if he touched a line I would knock him off the box with the wrench that was in the boot. He never spoke a word. I kept cursing him and he kept grabbing at the lines; but I didn't let him get hold of them. I told him if he caught a line he would run me off the road and upset me and kill the passengers. By that time we came to George Stuckey's yard. That was one mile they had run. There it lightened and I saw the house, and I pulled the leaders up so that they ran against the porch and it knocked them both down. The wheel horses ran on to them with their front feet, and then we stopped. The big man got down and went into the house in a hurry, and I saw no more of him till I was ready to start, and that was in half an hour."

"He didn't offer to help you, then?"

"Oh no! In fact, they all ran into the house as quick as they could get out of the coach.

"There was always a lot of tin lanterns with tallow candles in them about old taverns in them days, and soon several men were there to help me. The leaders were a good while coming to. We threw cold water on them. Finally we were ready to start—nothing broken—nobody hurt. I hollered hurrah! for my passengers. The big man got up beside me. I told him with an oath or two, that I was going to drive that team to Bedford and lick it like h—l, and if he touched a line I would knock h—l out of him with that wrench. He didn't say a word—sung dumb—behaved like a gentleman from there to town—never offered to

touch a line. I licked them up and took on a full run all the way to Bedford. I tell you I had them as hot as griddle cakes when I got them there.

The next day, after I had my team fixed and my work done I strolled down to the Washington Hotel. Col. Joe Ottinger kept it then. He was in the bar-room and a big man sitting there talking to him—no one else there. I didn't know the big man was the man that had rid with me.

"The Colonel said to me, 'Sam, you had bad luck last night.'

"I replied: 'No, sir; I had no bad luck I had a run-off, but I had no bad luck—nobody killed and nobody hurt. The only trouble I had was to manage a d—d fool who sat beside me and kept grabbing at the lines when the team was running, and I kept cursing him and threatened to knock him overboard with the wrench. I told him if he didn't quit he would upset the coach and kill the passengers.

"Well, after that, Ottinger introduced me to the man, and called him Judge Black, and the Judge said to me:

"Sir, you would make one of the best evidences in the world in a critical case—your narration is exact and correct. I am the man whet sat beside you. You did exactly right. I was excited. You were calm. You did your duty and did it well. You managed your team and you managed me."

"After that he and I were always sociable as long as he lived. When I drove street cars in Washington City, in 1863, I often saw him walking along the Avenue, and he would take off his high plug hat and raise it over his head and call to me: 'How are you, old Dry Ridge?'"

"Yes, he was a pleasant sociable man; but he never forgot that ride in the thunder-storm with the run-away team. Nor did I. I made a Judge behave himself that time. He sat as mute as a whipped school boy; but I didn't know him then. I guess if I had known him, I wouldn't have done it.

"Yes, the Judge was a great man. He knew how to sit on a high seat and manage a set of lawyers and run a court; but he didn't know how to manage four frightened horses running off after night in a thunder storm.

WM. M. HALL,
Bedford, Pa., March 31, 1888.

Harry Stell, while on his way to Huntingdon last week with a load of lumber, made a narrow escape from possible fatal injury. When approaching Snyder's crossing, several miles east of that place, he found the way blocked by a freight train. The trainmen cut the train to allow several teams at that point to cross, and before the first end of the train had ceased to move Mr. Stell started to drive across. Just as he was on the crossing the moving slack of the train caught his wagon in the center, completely demolishing it. Mr. Stell was standing on top of the load, but by a quick jump saved himself from injury. He borrowed another wagon and eventually landed the remainder of his load in Huntingdon.

The ease with which, in Chicago, the Gordian knot of marriage is severed leads frequently to a legal race between the husband and wife, but even in that city an actual race is comparatively rare. One happened the other day, however, David Glickman quarreled with his wife, who declared that she would at once repair to the nearest police station for a divorce. Glickman said he would get one, too, and get it first. They dashed out of the house and along the streets. They were pretty evenly matched, and, keeping neck and neck, continued their quarrel as they went along. Arrived at the station house, they embraced the house sergeant and deafened him with their appeals. The officer was unable to convince them that he had no authority to relieve them, and so solved the problem by locking up both. Whereupon, as was to be expected, they discovered that they still loved each other, and so will probably live happy ever after—until the next time.

Lock up that new diary and you can keep it easily for a year.

TROLLEY LINES EAST AND WEST.

What a Western Trolley Would Do For Fulton County.

[Last week we published an article from Public Opinion, Chambersburg, relative to trolley lines, and from the same paper this week we give another. The Chambersburg people are thoroughly alive to the importance of the subject. If the matter of encouraging the building of trolley roads in a county that has already three railroads, it ought to be worth considering by a county that does not have any.

We have become so thoroughly disgusted with the efforts that have been made to give us steam roads that we feel like training a shot gun on any man that talks railroads.

The trolley line fever broke out among our people a few years ago and money was subscribed and an engineer employed who made an estimate of the cost of a road from McConnellsburg to Mercersburg.

The estimate made was so outlandishly high as to make it beyond the probability of paying as an investment. It was afterward learned that the estimate was much beyond the figures that should have been given.

Mail may leave Philadelphia so as to reach Mercersburg at 8.10 in the morning, as our morning papers now do, and with a trolley line we should have our eastern mail before ten, and Webster Mills, Big Cove Tannery, Harrisonville, Saluvia, Knobsville and Fort Littleton should all be served by noon.

It will be remembered how slow our people were to invest any money in the telephone, and to-day we should think it a real calamity to be deprived of its service. Haven't we some Fulton county men with sufficient enterprise to move in the direction of the trolley?—Editor.]

"A westward trolley line from Chambersburg to Bedford would open up populous and productive region of vast extent that is now almost without outlet. When completed, with its natural branches, it would be a line with feeders from all the valleys and coves of the Blue Mountains. West of St. Thomas it would connect with the Bedford and Mercersburg branch. From Fort Loudon it would penetrate Path Valley. This line would extend to Richmond, Carrick Furnace, Fannettsburg, Spring Run, Dry Run, Doyleburg and Concord. From McConnellsburg there would be a line northward through the Tuscarora Valley to Burnt Cabins and Shade Gap, and southward to Webster Mills and Big Cove Tannery. Can any one imagine the travel and transportation that would thus come once more over the old mountain road, once a double line of Conestoga wagons, but for many years almost deserted? An era of prosperity unknown before would come to the hitherto unpenetrable vales of Fulton, Huntingdon and Bedford counties and the Tuscarora valleys would take on a new life and new beauties.

"If at first the line only extended to McConnellsburg westward and Fannettsburg northward from Fort Loudon it would be a great gain to the Cumberland Valley and all the railroads that centre in Chambersburg. Path Valley is one of the most fertile and beautiful of the entire Kittochtinny range. It formed part of the famous Tuscarora Path in the days of the Indian trade. Before the epoch of railroads it was known to every traveler who went westward from the Susquehanna to the Allegheny. When Upper Strasburg was a town of more importance than Chambersburg the people of Path Valley found a ready market for their produce and products. If the villages of the valley have been almost at a standstill in recent years it has been because they are without an outlet. A trolley line to Fort Loudon and from Fort Loudon to Chambersburg would soon make Fannettsburg one of the most thriving and enterprising towns in the county. It would do more—it would bring Upper Path Valley, and Amberson's and Horse Valleys into contact with the outside world. In 1750 Secretary of the provinces, Richard Peters, attended by the justices of the

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are determined to close out all their winter stuffs, and it will be dollars in your pocket to make your purchases there,

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Dress Goods

that to-day could not be bought under 20 cents, they will sell you at 16—simply as example of what you can do there.

They have a few very nice

LADIES' JACKETS

yet that you can buy very cheap—good styles and qualities. What they say of one article, or one line will apply all through the store.

Remember that in order to keep full stock of everything that pertains to a large general merchandising business, they are receiving

New Goods

Almost Daily

so that you always have the latest and best to select from. There is always odds and ends, incident to a large trade that must go at a great bargain.

Please Call and See.

GEO. W. REISNER &

new county of Cumberland found the squatters in the valley and evicted them. We will wager a big apple, round and red, that the recent Secretary of the Commonwealth, Dave Martin, never heard of the genuine settlers of their descendants. A trolley line up the valley will give outsiders an opportunity to discover one of the most beautiful valleys in the State and enable the people of the valley when they feel like it to get out of sight of their own mountains.

"The westward trolley and its branches that we are advocating would naturally form a connecting link with the great trolley system in Southern Pennsylvania that is now in the process of formation. Only a few days ago, it was announced that Capt. W. H. Lanius, of York, had secured an option on a majority of the York Street Railway Company stock, and it is said, will now make application for a charter for a traction company. This company will control the York Street Railway in the form of a lease, and its tracks will be extended to Dover, Dallastown, Wrightsville, Red Lion and Yoeborough. Work on these extensions will be begun just as soon as the company gets its charter. They also propose to connect with the Gettysburg Railway.

"It takes no prophet to foresee that in the near future Gettysburg will be a radiating centre for trolley roads. The projected line from Washington is sure to come. The Lanius scheme will connect Gettysburg with the Susquehanna towns and Lancaster. All this shows the importance of a line from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. Should the Cumberland Valley R. R. parallel its tracks with a trolley line as the "Penny" is doing it would be a good thing, but the trolley from Chambersburg to Gettysburg is sure to come, and the westward line to McConnellsburg and into Path Valley is something that we cannot do without.

"In connection with this trolley problem the question arises—'What shall be done with our turnpikes?' The experience of the people of Shelby county, Kentucky, seems to amount to a solution in part. At the county of the Shelby county bought at prices \$75 to \$250 a mile. Record says the practically acquired of real value exceeded surprisingly results. It was less than a year ago that it was decided as soon as the announced. Taxpayers county would be the pikes would \$50,000 and \$60,000. Turnpike owners property would be. On the contrary, but worked to the satisfaction of everybody. The pikes made at extremely low prices, 120 miles bought and donated \$18,000, and at the rate of owners of the road, shown that their fulling considered. By 25 cents voted these pikes will yield \$2,000 nearly \$4,000 left us 8 cents repair levy. \$10,000 to keep the pair this year. Two miles of county to the and the Record beyond a mile should be repaired work.

"With us the franchise lines would go forward providing a purchase of the latter the taxpayers could the extra outlay for thequisition of a free road.

About nine months nearhood, farmer, mark valley, had a bitten by a dog. Last week the steed well developed. At the time the steed by the dog several neighborhood were same dog. All of hydrophobia, the developing within miles after the assault, committed the strange one and killed.